

How To Train Your Stormcutter

by ABlurInTheWind

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Cloudjumper, Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-08 22:23:25

Updated: 2014-09-13 20:14:02

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:27:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,765

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: However the ultimate prize is the dragon no ones ever seen. We call it the- Stormcutter! "Get down!" It's not Night Furries you need to worry about on Berk, it's the mighty Stormcutter. Hiccup's determined to prove himself a Viking, and he's going to kill the ultimate dragon to do so. The thing is, he wasn't prepared to see himself when he has a knife raised at the beast.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*This is an au post I originally created on Tumblr and promised a few that I would actually do my best to write it into a fanfiction story, so, here we are. It will follow the movie as closely as possible but if it receives enough praise and push I will continue it beyond that.\*\*

\_This is Berk. It's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village; in a word- sturdy. It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes..we have \_\_\*\*dragons\*\*\_\_\_. Most people would leave, but not us. We're Vikings, we have stubbornness issues. My names Hiccup. Great name, I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that. \_

\_That's Stoick the Vast, Chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragons heads clean off its' shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do. \_

\_The meat-head with attitude and inter-changeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice ever since I was little, well, littler.

-

\_See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses. Oh, and that's Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and..Astrid. Ah, their job is so much cooler. \_

\_One day I'll get out there, because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadder Head is sure to get me at least noticed. Gronckles are tough, taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend. A Zipple-back: exotic: two heads twice the stats. And then, there is the Monstrous Nightmare; only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. \_

\_But the ultimate prize is the dragon no ones ever seen. We call it the-\_

\_Stormcutter! (Get down!)\_

\_This thing never steals food, never shows itself and never misses. No one has ever killed a Stormcutter, that's why I'm gonna be the first.\_

Hiccup knows he dreams big, it's something that has always set him apart from the other Vikings of Berk. He's creative and thinks perhaps he'd like to pride himself on his intelligence and because of that he questions things the others don't. They blindly follow Stoick as though they too were the herds of sheep they pushed around and they go through life never asking and just do what is expected of them. Men become warriors, women, too. but they're also expected to look after the children; the children who will one day grow up to be warriors and dragon hunters just like the others. He thinks that all anyone of Berk will ever be is a meaty soldier. Hiccup isn't like that though. In fact, he's never even had the chance to be like that.

Fire crackles to life all around the shop and bustling, sweaty bodies run across the charred ground. Yells echo everywhere and the occasional cry of pain or terror, too. From his position of (what he hopes, anyway) safety inside the shop Hiccup can't help but wonder what drives him to want to actually be a part of the carnage. Sparks leap off of the sword he's been told to sharpen by Gobber and he jumps, eyes flying back to what he's doing because, with his luck, one of the sparks will land on his hand or in his eye. That would ruin "all of this" as Gobber so graciously titled him and Hiccup's more than happy to be able to keep his hands intact.

Someone shouts "Stormcutter!", off in the distance and that grabs his attention away from the sword. Enough so that he drops it to the wood floor and, after looking out the windows to try and see it, making his way over to the door. Gobber's thrown away one hand in favor of a double edged axe and as he screws it into place (he thinks that would be uncomfortable) he sets his eyes on Hiccup.

"Man the fort, Hiccup, they need me out there," he orders as he fumbles to limp out the door. Just as he reaches the door he whirls around and points a beefy finger at the much smaller frame. "Stay put-there. You know what I mean," he tacks on before running outside with a yell and into the chaos.

No sooner is Gobber gone does he grab his maneuverable catapult launcher and race out the door, nearly running over other Vikings in

his haste. Briefly he hears shouts of complaint behind him and someone demand he get back there. He throws his head back in the general direction of the voice and half yells, "Yep, I know, be right back!" And he's glad that despite how small he is to the others he's fast, and away from them in no time.

Getting to the hill is a blur; it had to be secluded and at least a bit quiet and he has to focus. Springs pop into place, ropes tighten, metal bends, and he pulls back the launch piece. When he grasps the wood handle it's just perhaps a bit too tight and he wouldn't be surprised if he found splinters in his hands the next morning. but he can't be bothered with troublesome wood right now as he scrunches up his muscles and squint his eyes to try and see movement against the sprinkle white star sky, muttering, "Come on, give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at."

When an echoing roar cuts the air Hiccup can't deny the liquid fire adrenaline mixing with shots of fear to create a rush strong enough to make his head spin. Another splits the air and it's so strong it bounces off the ricks behind him, creating a nauseating sense of being overwhelmed. He's practically bouncing on the launcher now, out of fear of excitement he doesn't know, and when the beast suddenly breaths a torrent of fire at an unlit fire pit he almost misses seeing the silhouette against the red, almost. Though, he doesn't know how he would have ever been able to miss it because the outline of the wings alone is massive. When the black shape reaches the edge of the light source and raises into the air Hiccup shuts his eyes tight and fires blindly in that direction. Almost not believing it when a faint shape begins falling to the earth where a forest lays and letting loose a deafening cry of outraged shock.

Scrambling from his place of the ground where he'd been thrown from the force of the launch he stares, jaw dropped.

"Oh, I hit it?" he asks aloud in dismay. Before the joy and excitement take over, and he's throwing his skinny arms into the air, fists clenched, "Yes, I hit it! Did anyone see that?" he bellows.

His victory is cut short however when mud color claws grasps the overhang of the hill, and a horned Monstrous Nightmare halls itself up before him. His shoulders slump, "Except for you."

## 2. Chapter 2

When Hiccup's running from the huge red fire spewing dragon he has more important things to think about other than how potentially girly his screams sound. Everything is ringing loudly in his skull and his feet are slipping over bucket-water-wet grass hills, but he's pretty sure that they're an octave above what's considered a normal teenage boy's vocal range. He can't bring himself to care, really. Hands scrambling against the stone pathways of the village he desperately pushes his body forward until he lurches behind a tall, solid stalk of wood used to hold up fire pits. Feeble wrists are held parallel to his chest in a weak attempt of protection and his are clenched and he marvels at how they can still be fists because they're so sweaty they must be incredibly slick. Hair falls in front of his adrenaline lit green eyes when he turns his head to see if the Nightmare is still behind him, and just his luck he looks the wrong way.

Hiccup can sense it, the mass of heat behind him, thank the gods he doesn't have enough time to turn around ; because a growling mass leaps before him and meets the dragon horns on. His head whips around and his wide eyes struggle to keep up and process the scene before him (though, it's a pretty regular occurrence) as Stoick the Vast crouches before the Monstrous Nightmare. It's hooked claws scrape the dirt, flinging chunks behind it, and narrows it's eyes; a snarl birthing down the wide snout. His chest rises and falls rapidly as the dragon opens it's maw wide and..lets loose a pathetic excuse of fiery breath. Coagulated chunks of red slopping to the ground and weakly fizzling. The reptilian eyes blink and the dragon physically shrinks back. Stoick smirks, "You're all that?"

Huge fist fly and grunts leave both mouths as Stoick collided with scaled hide, and Hiccup can already feel a gulp rising in his throat. A screech and well placed kick later and the Nightmare has turned tale and made to flee, spiked wings hurrying to lift it from the ground and away from the Viking. A final grunt from Stoick means the end of the fight. O\_h, and, there's one more thing you need to know\_. When Stoick turns on him and he feels the weight of those eyes he knows what's coming, though he hopes this time will \_finally \_be different. Hiccup's shoulders hunch and he feels his own eyes flit around not wanting to meet the chief's.

"Sorry, dad," and it fizzles out pathetically to a tense silence. Or what would have been a tense silence if it wasn't for screams and dull metallic thuds of the fire pit raced down the island to meet the crashing waves. The raid is over, and the dragons have clearly won today.

Stoick doesn't grace him with an answer, just watches him and no doubt listens to the victorious cries of the beasts in the distance.

"Okay, but I hit a Stormcutter," Hiccup tries again. The enormous hand of his father suddenly grips his by the scruff o his collar and his feet leave the ground Stoick drags him away, brisk and no doubt fuming with embarrassment under his beard, cheeks red. Though that could have been from the exhilaration of the battle.

His hands flail, "It's not like the last few times, dad. I mean I really \_actually \_hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it-

"-\_Stop! \_Just, stop," Stoick interrupted his suddenly, dropping his fast. It's silent as the village watches the father and son. Stoick continued, "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to fed!"

Hiccup blinked, "Between you and me the village could do with a little less feeding, don't you think? " Shuffles and a few grunts follow his words, and he feels a little bad for a moment, but then it leaves him at his father's next words.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" and he \_knows \_that. He wishes they wouldn't take him as just a joke. Stoick shakes his head, "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

His shoulders move in a way he'll think later is perhaps a nervous habit or reflex and, "I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just-" he makes a strange motion with his hands, "kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad."

One of the chief's meaty hands reaches up to knead his eyebrows, "You're many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is no one of them."

Nods swarm the crowd making it look like a wave and Hiccup tries not to let the hurt show.

"Get back to the house, " his father orders him. Then turns to Gobber as though he's no longer there. "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up."

Stoick leaves in the opposite direction and Gobber nudges his forward, urging him to go home, because everyone thinks that's where he belongs. As he trudges he can hear murmurs and harassment including, "Quite the performance."

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped!" Snotlout practically bellows in his face.

He gives him a cursory, "Thank you, thank you. I was trying, so," and doesn't dare meet the furious eyes of Astrid.

When he's at the front steps to his hut he tries to tell Gobber a bit dejectedly, "I really did hit one."

"Sure, Hiccup."

"He lever listens," he tries again.

Gobber snorts, "Well, it runs in the family."

Hiccup pressed on, "And when he does, it's always with this..disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." He squared his jaw and stuffed his small fists into the curve of his hip bone under his shirt in an admittedly good impression of his father. "Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beef arms. Extra guts and glory on the side. This here--" he gestured to a stair "-- This is a talking fish bone."

The large blonde Viking waved his arms in a 'bah' gesture. "You're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like. It's what's on the inside that he can't stand," he bared a reassuring, rocky smile.

Hiccup blinked a moment and forced his mouth to shut from it's open, very fish like position, "Thank you, for summing that up."

He reaches for the door knob and Gobber sighs, "Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not."

"I just want to be one of you guys."

Pushing open the door before Gobber can say anything else he hurried

inside, shutting it fast. That time Gobber really did go "Bah," and wave his make shift arm. Turning and descending the wood steps.

Not many seconds later was Hiccup bursting through the back door, almost tripping in his eagerness, and rushing off into the woods. Determined to prove to himself, and his father, that he is one of them.

Hiccup took a breath, his eyes clenched shut, and prayed to the gods. Then he opened them fast and they darted around the forest before him. When he sees nothing he sighs and scratches another 'X' on the crudely drawn map in his notebook. Annoyance overtakes him for a moment and he drives the pencil into the paper, pushing hard and scribbling until the pages are almost illegible. After the pages have been sufficiently punished as though they were at fault he snaps the small book shut and sheaths it in his vest.

Looking to the skies he let out his breath in a huff, "Ugh, the gods hate me. Some people lose there knife or a mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon."

He reached out and whacks a low-hanging branch, grunting when it whips back in retaliation unlike his book. Covering his eye he turns the good one up to study the offensive tree and finds it's been snapped rather violently, and the break looked fresh. Sap still dripping from the wounded tree like tears. Lowering his hand as green eyes turn to the raw, upturned earth before him, carved out by something large. Taking his hand from his eye he scurries to the ridge of the hill where the dirt breaks, and hesitantly pokes his head over. Only to whip it back down and lose the air in his lungs when he catches only a glimpse of a scaled body.

Dear Gods. —

End  
file.